

Angel of Death

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Category: Legend of Korra
Genre: Romance, Tragedy
Language: English
Characters: Asami S., Mako
Pairings: Asami S./Mako
Status: Completed
Published: 2016-04-15 07:15:22
Updated: 2016-04-15 07:15:22
Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:42:50
Rating: M
Chapters: 1
Words: 1,598
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: She was too dangerous for him, but he never really got what that meant until it was too late. M for language.

Angel of Death

Im the Firebender for the Red Sand Rabaroos and my prompts are (Smell) Alcohol and the quote "Enjoy your life today, because yesterday has gone and tomorrow may never come" from Alan Coren. Word Count: 1,562

Ever had one of those days where you just know the funniest joke in the world but you can't remember the punch line but anyway you smile from ear to ear like an idiot and you go around with that smile all day long, even if you don't remember the joke anymore? Well, I'm having one of those.

I could just sit here and tell you my sad story of how my parents died when I was a kid and I had to take care and practically raise my brother while I had to stick my neck out doing courier jobs for the mob, but I really doubt you care about that. This stuff happens all the time and nobody bats an eye.

What doesn't happen all the time is the kid joining the cops as soon as he's old enough to be accepted into the academy while his brother tries his luck on the stage; which is how all began to go downhill.

She was the most gorgeous woman I had ever met, and I had hung around a lot of beauties when I did jobs for Zolt back in the day, and I can assure you those girls had nothing, nothing on that girl.

She was my bro's co-star in this small time film; they were supposed to be this gay couple that got married as a front but they suddenly turn straight and end up together or something. I really didn't paid

attention thanks to her being the main focus of the film, that raven mane and those big green eyes that were each a miniaturized emerald just were so mesmerizing I didn't even really remember her saying anything throughout the film.

Of course I approached her and of course I got rejected, but instead of getting your usual 'I'm just not interested' kind of thing I got another thing coming my way.

"Look kid. I'm in a different kind of wave here" She said looking elegant even though she was in casual attire "I'm too much of a bad girl to settle for a good boy like you. You're every ounce of goodness your brother is. You get near me and you're going to pay an awful price for that"

I never really did get what she meant for that until Bolin got shot after trying to befriend the mugger so he wouldn't keep doing it; it was just who Bolin was: A nice person that got the ugly stick of life even after all the things he, we, went through.

On the mean while she made it big; it wasn't even a year after I told her to go out with me and she was in the academy awards with all the big stars and doing magazine covers like she was born to do them; which I can swear she was.

And of course with the fame came the problems: The affairs, the paparazzi, their stalking. Everything that comes with fame that isn't party and acting hit her, but in my eyes she was still an angel.

Of course in the academy everyone called my story bullshit until they checked and did see her IMBD profile with that film were my brother was in; some people just called my bullshit on the part of me asking her out, not believing I had the gut to ask that supermodel material to go out with me.

After I got out of there I just buried myself with work and I did my best on the beat: Not taking those man bribes and in general being a decent cop. I was even commended by the chief here and there with the years of service.

I did checked up on her once in a while and saw how she was doing better then worse, then great then awful between marriages, movie flops, partying too hard and the paparazzi finding out and the drugs.

I really just think it was her playing out that bad girl thing she told me that time but I really wouldn't know: For all I liked her I really couldn't say much of her besides the fact that she changed attitudes like she now changed husbands.

With time I made it big and helped in this big drug bust in an old warehouse I used to work at; the mob had a lot of stuff there that would bring down a lot of people from the upper parts of the command chain down.

It did come at the personal cost I took a shot in my belly but I was going to live according to the doctors, and I personally didn't feel it much once I was out of the hospital and on the beat again, but not for long. The press did its wonders plastering my face everywhere and before I really knew what was happening I got promoted to

detective.

I still did my old beat sometimes for old times' sake and what do you know, this one night I got a surprise that never in a million years did I thought I would get.

My old post was in this middle class neighborhood; quiet and most times all you got was a drunk fight on weekends or a burglary if the day wanted to be interesting.

Why was she there? I don't know. I don't even think I care; could've been planning stuff with terrorists and I wouldn't have minded. SHE was there and that was great enough.

She was in the outside of this old house I had seen a couple of time from the outside; typically mass produced house that surprisingly had lasted as long as it had. She said it was her hideout from the press; where she came and lay low for a bit to take a break from things.

"Sorry for the mess. I haven't been here in a while" she said as we entered the house. Well furnished and you could see she had spent money on repairing it and making it livable, even if it stench of alcohol.

"I would offer you a drink but I'm trying to get on the wagon fully" she told me as she poured me a glass of water that I gladly took with both hands.

"Why did I never say you here? How long have you been here?" I asked and I should've seen it coming but I was just so lost in that gorgeous face of her and had fallen so hard for her I didn't even noticed she kept pacing around the living room as I took a seat.

"Not long. I really just got this place because I found out you used to work here and hey, last time I checked you were still a nice guy like Bolin" She looked down in sadness and I sighed deeply at the memory of my brother and his laugh that rung in my head still like if he was alive.

"Can't believe he's been gone for so long" I confessed, too ready to pour my heart out for her.

"I can't believe where I've been ever since he left us" she confessed, taking a sit in front of me.

"All those years ago, when you asked me out I just lived by this quote I once read in a magazine from this guy named Coren: Enjoy your life today, because yesterday has gone and tomorrow may never come" she laughed ironically and I think she even found the thought hurtful "I really believed myself to be that bad girl I told you that was no good for you. Then I got into trouble and trouble has been keeping me company ever since"

I jumped up from my seat and was ready to bring out my shinning armor and sword and fight off the demons from hell just for her to be safe "Trouble? What sort of trouble?"

I was almost kneeling and she pushed me away and pleaded for me to

take a sit again.

"You know how it goes: hung out in the wrong places and met people I would've been better without them in my life." She looked me in the eye and reached for her purse "They ask for favors so they can keep the ugly stuff they learned about me to themselves."

"There can be nothing ugly about you; you're too perfect for that" I said with puppy eyes, quite sure my eyes were shimmering like the good boy I was "Any way I can help? I'm a hero cop and I wouldn't mind helping you out. Not at all"

"Are you sure?" Asami snapped up as she stuck her hand in her bag "Because there is this big favor I could use from you"

"Of course. Anything for you, Angel" I say too eagerly before I could see the glimmer of the gun she had shot me with point blank in the face.

"Next time, don't use what you learned being a courier boy for Zolt. He isn't happy with you, not at all" She said as the world started to fade for me.

If only I could've laughed I would've. After all this time I had been drooling and chasing the bad girl around for the bad girl to get me. Just not the way I would've wanted her.

Hope I did helped though.

End
file.